

A WOMAN'S HEROISM.

From the Register-Gazette, Rockford, Ill.

During the civil war nearly as much heroism was shown by the women of our nation as by the brave soldiers. Many a woman, weeping for her dead son, bound up the wounds of his suffering comrades, rejoicing in their renewed strength, even while sorrowing for the one who was gone. At that time was laid the foundation for the world-famed organization known as the Woman's Relief Corps, whose aid to the soldier of today, fighting against the world for a living, is no less notable than the heroism of the early '90s.



On the Battlefield.

One of the most earnest members of the corps at Byron, Ill., is Mrs. James Houseweart, but illness once put a stop to her active work. A year or so ago, when she was nearing fifty years of age, the time when women must be most careful of their strength, Mrs. Houseweart was taken seriously ill. The family physician told her that she had reached a critical period of her life, and must be very careful. His prescriptions and treatment did not benefit her, and other treatment proved unavailing.

At last Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to her notice, with indisputable evidence that they were helpful in cases such as hers, and with renewed hope she tried the remedy. Last March she took the first box of the pills, which gave much relief. She was determined to be cured, and kept on with the medicine, until now eight boxes have been consumed, and she feels like a new woman.

Mrs. Houseweart said: "I have taken only eight boxes, but I have been improving since I took the first dose. I do not believe I could have lived without the pills. They certainly have done me more good than any physician or any medicine I have ever tried."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

To feed your face soundly, but not vulgar, but all do it.

Perfect Tea Tea.

The pioneer of Ceylon tea in America declares with that particular herb, at least, the best and most fragrant beverage is made by pouring perfectly clear, cold water over the tea, in proportion of six small cups to one spoonful of tea. This is set away in the tea box for several hours, and it will be noticed that there is none of the bitterness resulting from the tannin, so often an objection to the lovers oficed tea. Many ladies who purchase the finest grades of tea prepare that which is to be served cold in this manner, and declare that by so doing they are spared all the nervousness arising from a too generous allowance of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates."

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, etc., or H. C. C. Co. guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Dyeing one's whiskers does not turn time back.

MRS. PINKHAM'S ADVICE.

What Mrs. Nell Hurst has to Say About It.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you I had not been well for five years; had doctored all the time but got no better. I had womb trouble very bad. My womb pressed backward, causing piles. I was in such misery I could scarcely walk across the floor. Menstruation was irregular and too profuse, was also troubled with leucorrhoea. I had given up all hopes of getting well; everybody thought I had consumption. After taking five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I felt very much better and was able to do nearly all my own work. I continued the use of your medicine, and feel that I owe my recovery to you. I cannot thank you enough for your advice and your wonderful medicine. Any one doubting my statement may write to me and I will gladly answer all inquiries.—Mrs. NELL HURST, Deepwater, Mo.

Letters like the foregoing, constantly being received, contribute not a little to the satisfaction felt by Mrs. Pinkham that her medicine and counsel are assisting women to bear their heavy burdens.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. All suffering women are invited to write to her for advice, which will be given without charge. It is an experienced woman's advice to women.

FAULTLESS STARCH.

THE BEST FOR Shirt Waists, Shirt Fronts, Collars, Cuffs and Delicate Clothes.



Read our Booklets, Laugh and Learn.

PENSIONS

Get your Pension DOUBLE QUICK Write CAPT. O'FARRILL, Pension Agent, 1428 New York Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A DEADLY OCTAVE.

"I see by your face, doctor, that you think it a very serious case. Is not that so?"

"Well, Mrs. Delmege," I replied, in as cheering a tone as possible, "there is really no immediate cause for anxiety. Your daughter is undoubtedly not in a good state of health; her nerves are upset and she wants rest and total freedom from worry."

"But," said Mr. Delmege, "what can she have had to worry her? She was always, as you know, in the best of health and good spirits until the past few months, when she has gradually fallen into this condition."

"I should like to see Dr. O'Connell," I replied, rather evasively. "He has, you say, been attending Miss Delmege for some time past?"

Dr. O'Connell, the local practitioner, lived but short distance from Deanpark, Mr. Delmege's residence.

"We will send the trap over there at once with you if you wish," said Mr. Delmege.

"Do so!" I answered. "I am anxious to see him as soon as possible."

I had a lengthy conversation with the doctor. He was a smart, intelligent-looking man, and had the reputation of possessing a larger share of ability than is usual in a country practitioner.

The result of our conversation was that I decided to remain for some time at Deanpark, and wired to my house in London for my things to be sent on.

The case was a more serious one than I cared to admit to Miss Delmege's parents. The danger was not immediate; but if my diagnosis of the case, with which Dr. O'Connell quite agreed, was a correct one—the girl's life was undoubtedly in danger.

Miss Delmege was a young girl of about 18, and extremely pretty, she was an only child, and the idol of her parents. She had suddenly some months ago, fallen into rather bad health, becoming subject to violent headaches, attended by continued sore throats and pains in the eyes.

At length Dr. O'Connell, the local man advised calling in further advice, and I, being an old friend of Mr. Delmege's was sent for.

Ten days or so passed by after my arrival at Deanpark, during which time I carefully studied and watched the progress—for progress, alas! it was—of the malady from which Miss Delmege was suffering, and at the end of that time I was fairly puzzled to arrive at the cause, though I was quite satisfied as to what the nature of the illness was.

"Can we do nothing for my poor child?" exclaimed Mr. Delmege, during one of my visits. "Is she to die under our very hands?"

I determined then to tell Mr. Delmege my opinion of the case, as there was nothing to be gained by concealing it any longer from him.

"I have made," I said, "a most careful diagnosis of the complaint from which your daughter is suffering, and there is in my mind not the slightest doubt but that it is the effects of arsenic poisoning."

Mr. Delmege stared at me in horror. "Poisoning!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," I continued. "All her symptoms are those exhibited in arsenic poisoning. The mystery is how she is getting it. She eats exactly the same food as you eat; it cannot, therefore, be in that way. I have examined critically the paper on the walls of her bedroom; I have subjected even the soap, her tooth powder—every little thing I can think of, in fact—to a most minute inspection, and in no way can I ascertain any traces of the poison."

"I confess I feel helpless to strike on any likely theory at present, but at all events I would advise your taking your daughter for change of air somewhere. If she makes a decided improvement while away, I candidly tell you I would not take her back here until I have ascertained the source of this poison, which is undoubtedly being administered to your daughter in such a way that it apparently affects no others in your household."

Mr. Delmege stood aghast at what I told him.

"Poison?" he said. "Oh, who would want to injure my poor Agnes, who never did harm to anyone in her life?"

"Tell me," I asked, "is there anyone who would gain directly by her death?"

"No—oh, no!" Mr. Delmege replied, horror-struck by my question. "Ah, but let me see!" he went on, as if considering. "There is Mr. Hunt. He is a trustee for £10,000, which was left to Agnes by her aunt. If she should die before she becomes of age the money goes to Mr. Hunt or his children. In the event of her surviving that age, the money becomes absolutely my daughter's. But I cannot believe that Mr. Hunt would on that account try to injure my child. He has always been very obliging in many ways—indeed, it was Mr. Hunt who chose that new piano for Agnes, as we were unable to go to London ourselves at the time."

"Is he well off?" I inquired.

"I really cannot say," answered Mr. Delmege; "not very, I fancy. He is connected with some chemical business, I believe, or was at one time. But, doctor, if he had wished to injure my child he had no opportunity of doing so, for he never comes here, though we have often asked him; in fact, we really hear very little about him, and see him less."

It certainly did not appear likely that Mr. Hunt could be the author of Miss Delmege's sickness; but at the same time I could not shake off the feeling that in some way or other he was connected with it.

"Well," I replied, after a little consideration, "I will tell you what to do."

Take your daughter at once away to some place for a change of air. Seacombe by the way, is a charming place near the sea, and the air is most bracing. I must return to London for a short time, and when you are settled at Seacombe, I will run down to have a look at my patient."

After a short time I ran down to Seacombe, and was as delighted as her parents to see the almost complete recovery that the change of air had wrought in my patient.

"I'll tell you what, doctor," said Mr. Delmege, "I will just take your advice about remaining here for a bit. I have decided on taking a house here for the winter; the climate is mild, and I dare say we all need a little change after our recent anxiety. I will send to Deanpark for some things, though the house we have taken is small and we won't require very much, but Agnes must have her piano—she is never really happy without it."

"Very good," I said; "I think it is the best thing you can do. Your daughter seems to have quite recovered."

I did not like to damp his good spirits, but in his joy at his child's recovery Mr. Delmege appeared to forget the deadly nature of her complaint, and as I returned to London I could not help thinking that the stealthy hand that was at work at Deanpark would sooner or later find a way to carry on its murderous work, no matter where its victim might be.

In this surmise I was only too correct. About a month afterward I received a wire from Mr. Delmege to come to Seacombe at once.

Putting off all my other engagements I journeyed down by the next train and got to Seacombe by the afternoon.

The house Mr. Delmege had taken was small, but very prettily situated in about an acre of ground commanding a lovely view of the bay and hills beyond.

I met him in the hall. He was in a terrible state.

"My poor child—she is as bad as ever!" he exclaimed.

Miss Delmege was lying on a sofa in a darkened room. She was suffering from great headaches and pains in the eyes; her throat, too, was very constricted. It was pitiful to see the poor thing so and her patience under all her sufferings.

I gave something to ease the pain in her head and send her to sleep. Sitting by her I noticed—indeed, I had

noticed it before—that her nails were rather bitten. It was a habit she was inclined to, and which, when I spoke about it once, she declared was induced by playing the piano so much. I didn't pay much attention to it at the time, but now the words came back to me with a peculiar significance.

I remembered that Mr. Delmege told me that Mr. Hunt had chosen the piano.

Now, Miss Delmege was the only one in the house that played, as neither her father nor mother ever touched the instrument.

This last attack had come on just a week after the piano had come from Deanpark. I sat thinking over the matter for some time, and before saying anything to Mr. Delmege decided to make careful examination of the instrument, which I felt sure now was in some mysterious way the cause of his daughter's sickness.

That night after dinner, when Mrs. Delmege had gone up to sit with her daughter and Mr. Delmege had walked out for a stroll I went over to the piano, and, lighting the candles, sat down and carefully scrutinized the keyboard. I then took a microscope from my pocket, and critically examined the ivory keys, and became aware of the presence of a fine white powder on some of the notes in the center octave.

A shudder of horror went over me. Further close examination rendered me certain that it was powdered arsenic.

The next step was to remove the front board of the piano, and to take out some of the center notes to examine them more closely, when, as I did so, I saw what made me start back with an involuntary exclamation of amazement.

I had unearthed the most diabolical intention for the destruction of human life I had ever seen or heard of.

Underneath the keys of the center octave ran a small gutter like construction of stiff brown paper, filled with powdered arsenic. It was so ingeniously made that, while it in no way interfered with the tone or sound of the instrument, it from time to time, from the percussion of the notes, threw up on the keys a scattering of the deadly powder.

Miss Delmege's habit of biting her nails—a habit, no doubt, known to her trustee—had thus been utilized in the most hellish fashion to bring about her death, and undoubtedly it would have done so but for my timely discovery.

I replaced the notes carefully without disturbing the deadly gutter of arsenic, for it would be required in the future when Mr. Hunt—as I determined he should be—was brought to justice for attempted murder.

As I was leaving the piano I suddenly became aware of a face peering in at me from the window.

It was the face of an elderly man, with a white beard and wild, staring eyes. It disappeared at once. I made a dash for the window, when suddenly a shot rang out in the night air, and a bullet, grazing my temple, smashed into fragments a vase on the mantelpiece.

I sprang out of the window, and saw the figure of a man rushing toward the coping at the back of the house, where it disappeared.

Another shot rang out.

I hastened toward the wood, and, before I had gone many yards, found the body of Mr. Hunt—as it afterward proved to be—stretched out dead on the sward.

He had come down to Seacombe to see how this wonderful plan was progressing, and, hearing I was there, feared something, evidently. Prowling round the house, he had seen my examination of the piano, and the discovery of his diabolical design, I think, upset his mind, and in desperation he attempted my life and took his own.

It was some time before Miss Delmege or her parents recovered from the shock of the awful occurrence of that night; but time is a great medicine, and they are all happy and well now.

The piano with its fatal octave is kept locked in a dark storeroom at Deanpark, where visitors are sometimes permitted to see and hear its tragic history.

PREMATURE BURIAL.

Many Distinguished People Have Been Afraid of It.

Willie Collins left a missive among his papers, says a writer in Chambers' Journal, directing that when he died a thorough examination of his body was to be made by a skilled surgeon. Lady Burton, wife of Capt. Sir Richard Burton, ordered that her body should be pierced with a needle in the region of the heart. Mr. Edmund Yates, of the World; Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Harriet Martineau, the authoress, and Hans Andersen, the writer of so many fairy tales, may be mentioned as men and women who have left instructions that they should not be interred until everything possible had been done to make sure that they were lifeless.

In some cases it was the severance of a vein, in others even decapitation that was resorted upon. Others, with a similar end in view, have adopted different means. The signalling invention of Edgar Allan Poe, who wrote this subject up in his characteristically weird fashion, is familiar to all readers. Then, there is the apparatus of a Russian inventor, which consists of a mechanism placed in the throat of the corpse. If consciousness returned, and an effort were made to breathe, the effort set in motion certain wires, which resulted in a bell ringing in the cemetery keeper's lodge. In "Jezabel's Daughter" the idea is very similar, save that, instead of a throat apparatus, wires were fastened to the hands of the corpse. Last year Sir Henry Littlejohn told his students at Edinburgh of a fancy coffin, fitted with patent springs so constructed that on the slightest indication of returning life, they would immediately open the coffin and thus save the victim. This may have a reference to the Russian invention, seeing that the idea is the same, though there is a slight difference in detail.

A Honeymoon on a Tree Top.

A honeymoon on a tree-top! This is the strange freak of a bridal couple in California. In that state the famous redwood tree grows to a height of 200 feet. It is bare of branches for more than half its height. The top, however, is crowned by beautiful foliage, and on the highest branch of one of these forest monarchs a romantic couple are spending their honeymoon. The only means of reaching "The Cuckoo's Nest," as they call their retreat, is by a rope ladder, which is drawn up when they are at home, so that no prying visitor can disturb their sweet solitude. "Our home is a dream," says the romantic bride. "What could be more peaceful and romantic than to recline high above earth on a thin couch, piled high with innumerable cushions filled with all sorts of fragrant herbs, pine needles, balsam and new-mown hay? We have plenty of reading matter, and hour after hour is spent in that most delightful spot. Our moonlight nights are grand, and campers come from all parts of the valley to catch a glimpse of the picturesque canon from our home. Our housekeeping is done on a very small scale, and doubtless a good old housekeeper would look with horror upon our primitive stove, table and dishes, and wonder how we could possibly keep them clean; while the schoolgirls greet all this with, 'Isn't this an ideal life?'"

Reading in Three Countries.

Cases have been known of a man's house being in two parishes, and even in two counties, but a Belgian paper gives an instance of a miller, whose premises are in Bavaria, Prussia and Lorraine, though, of course, he claims to be a frontier inhabitant. He is the miller of Urbrighmuhle-los-Blesmengen, and the three territories on which he dwells touch each other, the line of demarcation being in the kitchen. The miller cannot really say that he is a Bavarian, a Prussian, or an inhabitant of Lorraine, for, after investigation, it has been discovered that he sleeps in Bavaria, lives in Prussia and works in Lorraine.

Prof. Von Zenker, who in 1860 first discovered the trichina disease, died recently in Mecklenburg at the age of 73 years.

The hen is not cheerful; she broods a great deal.

Improvements in Flying Machines.

Inventors are plenty who can make a machine that will rise and float in air, but none has succeeded in making an apparatus that will guide it through the many currents of air. In this respect Hottel's Stomach Bitters act as a safe guide by curing stomach, liver and blood diseases, giving a good appetite and a strong constitution.

New St. Louis Headquarters.

The Baltimore & Ohio and Baltimore & Ohio South Western railroads have secured a long lease on the magnificent room at Broadway and Locust streets in St. Louis for the purpose of consolidating under one roof the freight and passenger offices now located in that city. The new location is the ground floor of the American Central building with 65 feet on Broadway and 85 feet on Locust street. The ticket office will be in the center, fronting on Broadway, the freight department on one side and the passenger department on the other, with General Agent Orr's office in the rear. It is quite probable that these offices will be even handsomer than the B. & O. New York headquarters, which are the finest in that city.

We are more apt to love friends than foes.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure, 50c. \$1. All druggists.

Do not pick out for your friend a man who is never on time.

Pico's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Middleburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

Justice and Java coffee are both desirable articles.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, stops pain, cures whooping cough, 25c a bottle.

Cemetery superintendents are forced to make grave charges.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. Price, 75c.

A vicious tongue manufactures verbal dynamite.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascara Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. H. C. C. Co. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

An enemy is a person who applauds when you fail.

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TOWER'S FISH BRAND

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The Best Saddle Soap

Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes with cheap soap. Ask for Fish Brand Pommel Slicker—it is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWED, Boston, Mass.

How Old She Looks

Poor clothes cannot make you look old. Even pale cheeks won't do it.

Your household cares may be heavy and disappointments may be deep, but they cannot make you look old.

One thing does it and never fails.

It is impossible to look young with the color of seventy years in your hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

permanently postpones the tell-tale signs of age. Used according to directions it gradually brings back the color of youth. At fifty your hair may look as it did at fifteen. It thickens the hair also; stops it from falling out; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff. Shall we send you our book on the Hair and its Diseases?

The Best Advice Free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be remedied.

Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

CURE YOURSELF!

Use Fig. 42 for unnatural discharges, inflammation, itching, etc. of the urinary organs. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cure all cases of constipation, biliousness, etc. of the bowels.

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Battle Ax PLUG

to-day than any other chewing tobacco ever made.

The popularity of Battle Ax is both national and international. You find it in Europe—you find it in Maine—you find it in India, and you'll find it in Spain (very soon).

Our soldiers and sailors have already taken it to Cuba and the Philippines! Are you chewing it?

Remember the name when you buy again.

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES."

GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF

SAPOLIO